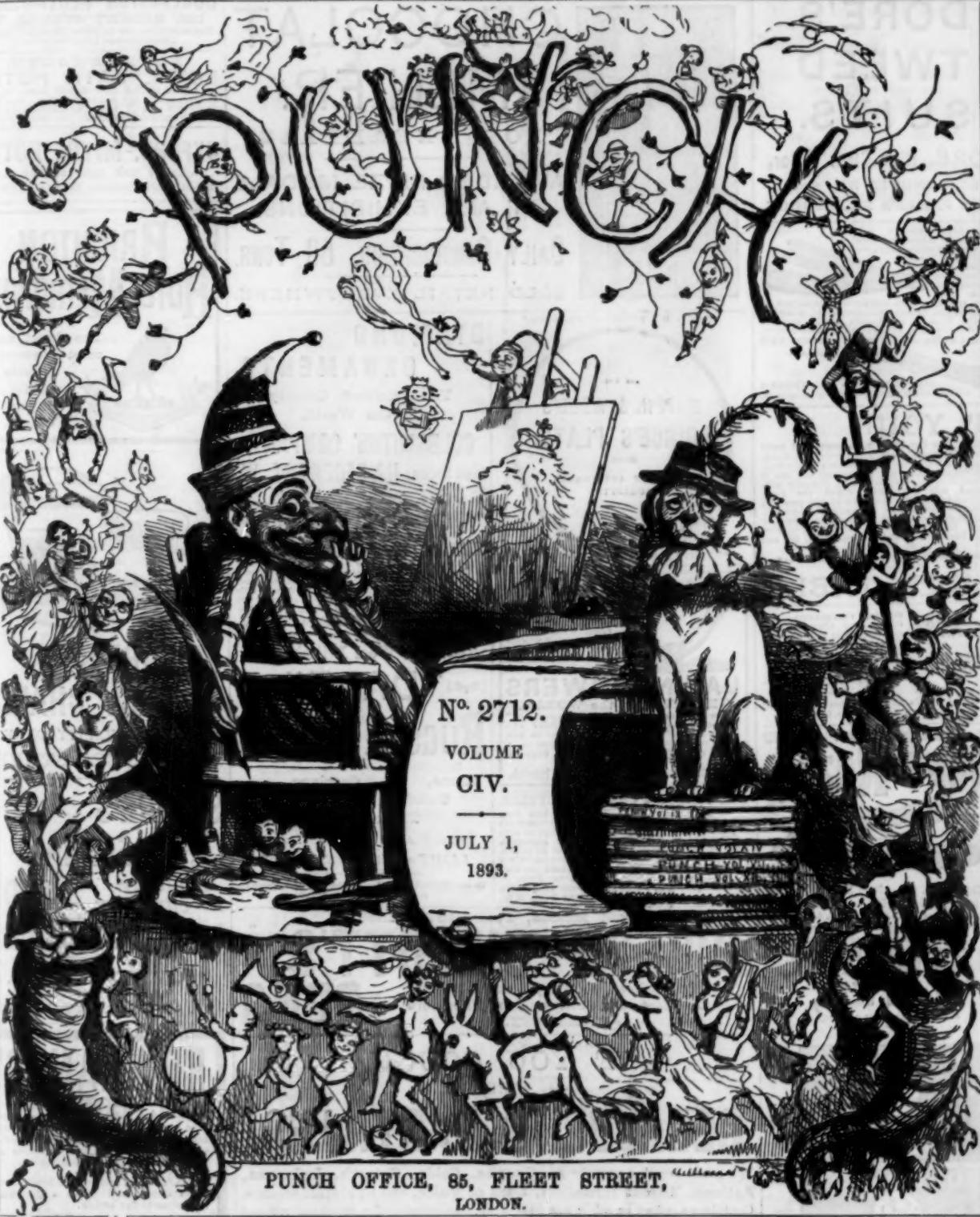


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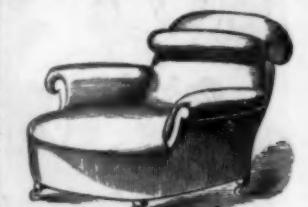
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ROBERT ON THE WEATHER.

It was horful! Wen one's atome one can do pretty much as one likes, that is to say, pretty much as one's better harf will let you, and set in your shirt sleeves. But how about an ed. Waiter at a skrumphus dinner? Let any kind Kristian sole try to emagin my feelings on the celebreated Munday, as was sed to be the ottest day as ever was, when I had to be drest in my werry fullest, and werry titest, of full dress, and a waiting for ours and ours at one of the werry grandest of grand diners as I has had to wait at all this busy season!

In course I don't at all kno how I looked all thro them melting howers, but I do no how I felt, and that was as if I was gradewally melting away!

But I coudent take my estonished eyes off my three werry stout Gents, and they was sites to see if ever Gents was! The effeas of the werry of Turtel Soup was sumthink pozitively startling, and yet two on em had a second elp!

There was jest one great blessing as we owed to the Heat, and that was, it so bootifully shortened the long speeches! The fact was that everybody was so dreadfully hot, that nobody had the pluck left to cheer, but all sat still and tried to listen to the poor Chairman, who, being ever so much hotter than the werry hottest on em, had the werry gratest difficulty in keeping the pot a biling, as we used to say at school.

Judgin from my xperience of that briling hot Munday, I shoud say, that the proper time for that werry grandest thing in natur, a reely grand Dinner, is a grand Winter's Night.

ROBERT.



FOREWARNED

Claude Merridew, Leaderette-writer, Reviewer, &c. (sentimentally). "WHEN EVER I THINK OF ALTHA, Miss VANSITTART I MEAN, I AM IRRESISTIBLY REMINDED OF THOSE MATCHLESS WORDS OF STEELE'S—'TO LOVE HER WAS A LIBERAL EDUCATION.'

Agy (following the idea with difficulty). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, COURAR I KNOW A LOT OF YOU WRITIN' CHAPS ARE LIKE THAT, BUT I THINK I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT HER FATHER IS ONE OF THE HEAD JOHNNIES IN THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE."

THE M.P.'S P.M.

(By a Member who has heard about "The Tea-on-the-Terrace Session.")
I'd like to be slung in my hammock at home, with iced-cup, and currants, and cherries, Or perchin in the cosy Pavilion at Lords a-watching GRACE GIFFEN, or FERRIS; But since I must stick in hot June to the House, I fall back upon Within there seems nothing but heat and hot rows; Amendments, not meant to amend, but to chouse; A mountain of talk with an issue of mouse; TIM HEALY and HARCOURT, much noise, and small nous.— Better T on the Terrace than H in the House! [Elysian— So hail, Mazawattee, and MAUD's lively chatter — both truly And here let me stroll, sprawl, or sip, till the Bell hales me in to Division!

HIS CHEF-D'OEUVRE.—MR. LUKE FILDERS, R.A., is painting a portrait of the Princess of WALES. This picture, says a paragraph in the Times, is to be "a three-quarter length, to the knees." The eminent artist will be justified in describing this work as one he can never surpass, or the "knee plus ultra."

PARADOXICAL.—In what sense does a well-brought-up girl of eighteen differ from a hardened criminal of forty? In no sense. ("Innocence"—"with the accent on the 'no.'")

OVERHEARD AT THE OVAL.

(When Mr. Ranjitsahji, the Hindoo Cambridge Cricketer, went to the wickets.)

GIVE 'im a rouser! Don't be stingy!

Smart young batsman! Comes from Ingry. Name? Oh, something, RUN-GIT-SINGY!

Slogs, Sir, if 'is skin is dingy! Like to see the trim young 'Indoo

Swipe a sixer through yon window, Same as THORNTON did some years ago.

Saw 'im do it, Sir!!! O, 'ere's a go! Run out! Only three!! A pity!!!

Well young Dusky's style is pritty! Shapes well, don't 'e? at the wicket!

Fancy, Ingry playin' Cricket! Dark 'uns play as well as paley 'uns.

RUN-GIT scored agin the Orsetralyns. Fields a good 'un, a safe catch, Sir!

'E'll come off in the next match, Sir. Wish may I be there to see it! Links the Empire? Ah! so be it!

Ere's to Hengland, then, and Ingry, And good 'ealth to RUN-GIT-SINGY!!!

"THEY DON'T MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."—After a row in the House of Commons the Reporters send "minutes" to their papers; but after a "scene" in the French Chambers the Principals send "seconds" to one another. Time is better occupied in the former than in the latter case.

PUFF, PUFF!

[A banquet of Advertisers is shortly to be held.]

To think of five-score puffers all seated at a table, A-puffing one another just as hard as they are able: And each one just contriving (with a cunning eye to self), While he sings his neighbours' eulogies, to advertise himself. What heights of noble courtesy—no common folk could reach 'em—

When C-NR-N's little liver pills say pleasant things of B-CH-M! And Mr. K-NR declares aloud, "I swear upon my soul, man, Whene'er I eat my beef at home I season it with C-LM-N." And Sozodont, not left behind in compliments by K-NR, Says he polished his wisdom teeth with fragrant Florilene. And Anti-Stiff declares his faith—which causes a sensation—in ELL-M-N's, the muscle-friend's, delightful embrocation. And Mrs. W-NSL-W—bless her heart, the name just makes me chirrup—

Holds nought in all the world can match with Mother S-O-L's Syrop. And L-MPL-GH quite outshouts them all, "No mere saline fo me, no,

I always cure the mollygrubs by drinking quarts of E-o." And finally the Sunlight Soap—I wish I had some shares—With tears of joy proclaims the name and fame of Messrs. P-BS. In short, I wish my feeble tongue more faithfully could utter The thoughts evoked by dwelling on this feast of mutual butter.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!



[Prince BISMARCK, in reply to a deputation of the boys of the Hamburg Wilhelm Gymnasium, spoke of his love of music, saying: "I used to play formerly, but I was only a moderate hand at the piano, and was glad when I could throw it up, as it bored me to have to practise. Afterwards I was extremely sorry I did give it up, for music is a faithful companion in life. I missed it at many a party, and I recommend all of you who have any talent for music to cultivate it, and take a warning from me, so that you need not reproach yourselves with the mistake I have made."]

AIR—"The Bells of Shandon."
WITH deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of my youthful "strums,"

Which my heart enjoy would
In my simple boyhood,
'Ere I knew the world and its heartless
hums.

On this I ponder
(As alone I wander)
And thus grow fonder of my "One—Two
—Three."

Why did I abandon
What would sound so grand on
My old piano with the saffron keys?

I've heard trumps blowing,
When to battle going,
(And battle trumps can kick up a shine!)
But their brazen blaring,
Though a call to daring,
My old piano was less sweet than thine.
My memory lingers
On those fleet "Five Fingers,"
Rattled down the keyboard in bold notes
free.
Oh boys, toil-scorning,
In life's gay morning,
Do pray take warning by the likes o' Me!

Of work I grew sick,
And abandoned Music,
(That best companion through a life of
care).
Or I might have been, boys,
Not the "Prince" you've seen, boys,
But—a Herr Professor with exuberant
hair!!!
I might have "wallopped"
The keys, and galloped
Up and down the octaves like a Uhlan
charge;
Been weird and dusky,
À la PADEREWSKI,
With a shock of snake-locks very fine and
large!

Ach! Conceive me spanking
The keys, and yanking
The Future's Music up and down the gamut,
With "vim" victorious,
And "go" quite glorious
As hard as ever I could "cram and
lam ut"
(To put it Pat-like).
Ach! to think I sat like
A male Saint Cecilia, and sonatas played:
And then chucked my chance
Just to—smash up France,
And then fail in that I am half afraid!

What charms environ
Mere "Blood and Iron,"
Compared with Music—which, they say,
soothes savages—
None can impugn it, I
Shaped German Unity,
And amidst her enemies spread rows and
ravages,
But I've missed the glory
Of the Musical Soirée.
I'm extremely sorry! To be Europe's
terror.
I've lost—greetings hearty
At an Evening Party!
Ach! boys, take warning by my woeful
error!!!

A FISHY BUSINESS.—According to the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday, June 20, a terrible tragedy was enacted within the boundaries of the basin of the fountain in Fountain Court, Temple. An illegal sparrow went to drink. Two legal fish got hold of the bird's legs, pulled him into the water, and the unhappy bird, not finding himself in his element, was drowned. His last words were, "In Fountain—Caught!" and so he expired.

"BRINGING HIM DOWN TO 'DORT'."—In the Times report of the *Gatty v. Farquharson* case, Mr. FARQUHARSON is reported as saying, in his evidence, "I certainly did not originate them." From this it will be gathered that poor Mr. FARQUHARSON bust 'ave 'ad a bad cold id 'is 'ed whel he produodee "not" as "dot."



EQUIVOCAL.

"A—GOT ANYTHING ON TO-NIGHT, LADY GODIVA?"—"NOT MUCH, I'M GLAD TO SAY!"

THE VERY COMPLETE ANGLERESS.

[*"Miss CORNELIA CROSBY, of Maine, is said to have caught 62 trout in 64 minutes."*

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

With anxious look and weary sigh
We wait imploringly for rain,
We bring the most attractive fly,
And make our skilful casts in vain;
Indeed, we well-contented feel,
With burning sky, and water low,
If hours of toil should bring our creel
A poor half-dozen brace or so.

But Miss CORNELIA CROSBY, she
Who comes from Maine, much-favoured
place,
Where must the trout abundant be,
Can catch them at a wondrous pace;

What bard could ask a loftier theme,
What artist could a nobler wish,
Than this fair lady at the stream,
Who every minute scores a fish?

Astute CORNELIA, you who land
The strangely unsuspecting trout,
Assist us here to understand
The means whereby you pull them out;
O can it be, for only thus
That *cruz* of time can well be met,
You land your fifty (pardon us
The bold suggestion) with a net?

Most APPROPRIATE NAME.—The Secretary of the Voluntary Early Closing Association is "Mr. RESTALL." Perfect! "Rest all and be thankful!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 19.—HENRY JAMES, customarily a canny man, put his foot in it to-night. Taking his turn to Home-Rule Bill dealing with Habeas Corpus, appealed to his "Right Hon. friend" the PREMIER to say whether he felt particular gratification in reflection upon his suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1881? House not very full at moment; Mr. G. back from hasty dinner, apparently asleep on Treasury Bench. Not for first time in Parliamentary history confirmed tradition that he sleeps with one eye open. Opposition loudly cheered this home-thrust from JAMES. Through the noise of the shouting was plainly heard Mr. G.'s voice as he turned upon the man he had once made ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and said, with withering scorn, "You were a party to it." Committee forgotten that; so, for moment, had HENRY JAMES; Mr. G., even when half asleep, perceiving how enemy had delivered himself into his hands.

"Why these jeers?" HENRY JAMES plaintively asked, looking round on jubilant Opposition, roused out of lethargy by this chance false step of a learned gentleman who rarely makes mistakes. "My Right Hon. friend," he continued, with eloquent tears in his voice, "always found me faithful to him when in office under him."

Yes, Mr. G. admitted that; but pointed out in one of those extemporaneous outbursts worth a week's ordered speech, that that was another story. Nothing to do with the spectacle of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of Government of 1881 scoffing at PREMIER of that day on account of particular measure introduced in Commons, and passed with the concurrence and approval of his followers, more particularly those seated on Treasury Bench. A soothing scene whilst it lasted; a swift gathering and mighty bursting of storm, momentarily clearing oppressively dull atmosphere.

Business done.—HENRY JAMES wishes he hadn't spoke.

Tuesday.—Whips crowding all passages of House to-night whilst WOLMER speaking. Used to be one of them, you remember, and a very good one too. Came to conclusion, on reflection, that it was not well to give up to Whips' room what was meant for House of Commons. Political stage always clearing off its great men; room ever found for new recruit. If anything in him, his welcome warm, and his success assured. In dead unhappy night, when rain was on the roof, WOLMER oppressed with his responsibilities. They are certainly great. SIDNEY's sister, PEMBROKE's mother, is a gracious figure that lives in history handiapped with such kinship. SELBORNE's son, SALISBURY's son-in-law, weighted in somewhat similar fashion.

LEVESON-GOWER, nothing if not critical, says WOLMER lacks the erudition of his noble father, and, even if he were qualified for post, would not look so imposing on Woolsack. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

doubts whether he quite comes up to the standard of the MARKISS, failing somewhat in the easel power with which that inheritor of the traditions of the spacious times of ELIZABETH wields the Parliamentary broadsword, slicing a lemon held on the palm of ROSEBERRY's unfaltering hand, or hewing Mr. G. in pieces before the Lords.

These remarks, probably unconsciously, tinged with jealousy. Last Session WOLMER was one of these Whips, coming and going halely, in the Lobby. Now he sits among the elders, helping HENRY JAMES on knotty points of law, and giving JOY C. a wrinkle on Parliamentary strategy. Even HENAGE looks up to him; LUBBOCK consults him on the mysteries of finance; and JESSE COLLINGS regards him with fatherly pride. To-night he moved two successive amendments on the Home-Rule Bill, in course of remarks teaching BACR a thing or two about American Constitution, and giving Mr. G. pause as to the relations of Colonial Legislatures with the Imperial Parliament.

"It's all very well," said ANSTRUTHER moodily, "a fellow coming out like this when he's got no whipping to do. Very different for nous autres; on the go all day, by the door all night. We are the grubs, he's the butterfly. What I fear is probable effect upon BOBBY SPENCER. I had my eye on him whilst WOLMER was speaking. Saw the colour flush his young cheek, ambition glower in his ordinarily placid eyes. Expect before the Session's out we shall have BOBBY addressing the House on bi-metallism, or reviewing RUSSELL's management of the case for Great Britain before the Behring Sea Court of Arbitration. In my opinion the cobbler should stick to his last, and the Whip to the Lobby."

This again is jealousy, a frailty which sometimes affects the noblest minds.

Business done.—Committed on Home-Rule Bill varied by slight attack of swine fever breaking out amongst FELLOWES on Benches above Gangway, behind CHAPLIN. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER vigorously stamped it out.

Thursday.—House droned along hour after hour, further discussing Fourth Clause Home-Rule Bill. As is shown when Division Bell rings, more than 500 Members on premises or within precincts. Last place to find them is in House, listening to BARTLEY, CARSON, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, or T. W. RUSSELL. Terrace still maintains its position as centre of attraction. New rule been in force all week. Part of Terrace to left of doorway marked off for mankind. No women may cross boundary line; consequence is every daughter of Eve burning with desire to do so. Reserved territory marked by notice board such as is used when the street is "up." If you look closely, you can see where original injunction "Beware of Steamer Only" has been rubbed out; now it bears legend, "For Members Only." Pretty to see DICKY TEMPLE marching up and down within



Amusement of the missing Jabez S. Balfour at reading the report of Mr. Gladstone's speech last Thursday, in which he forgot the name of the Liberator Society.



TIME v. TIM. Midnight, Thursday, June 22.—"The Hour (midnight) and the Man!"

"Time cut him short, for, be it understood,
He would have spoke much longer, if he could."

the enclosure. "Like a Royal Bengal tiger," as one envious, angry woman, audibly whispered.

"Immense relief this, TOBY," said the Ex-Lieutenant-Governor

of Bengal. "Between you and me, it means all the difference between my continuing to serve my country in Parliament and retiring into private life. The way the women follow me about in this House is enough to wear one out. I really don't know what they see in me, but there's the fact. Often I try to pass them off on HOWORTH. He's always glad to be introduced, and gets on pretty well for a time. But, somehow, they work round again, and get me in tow. As long as they had the unrestricted run of the Terrace, I was at their mercy. Now if I can only run the gauntlet in the Lobby and down the staircase, I am in sanctuary."

This all very well whilst it lasts, but signs discernible of possible émeute. Women's Rights Party regard new departure as fresh outrage on part of what they scornfully call "that muscular molecule, man." "Some fine afternoon," says the Member for Sark, "there will be a rush, headed by those desperadoes JACOB BRIGHT and WALTER McLAREN. The insolent no-thoroughfare barricade will be swept into the river; the policeman will be bonneted; the sacred

enclosure stormed; DICKY TEMPLE captured, and carried off in gilded cage."

Business done.—None.

Friday Night.—Having been engaged night after night, for several weeks, in discussing Irish Home-Rule Bill, it occurred to Dr. CLARK that this, being off-night, might agreeably be spent in talking about Home-Rule for Scotland. Accordingly brought forward Amendment, on going into Committee of Supply, declaring for Scotch Home-Rule. Miserable remnant of long-suffering House turned up at fresh trumpet-call. Ministerialists felt they must carry Motion; Opposition determined they shouldn't. House woke up when Division Bell rang. Over 300 Members poured in; quite exciting moment as the last men hurried back from Division Lobby. Ringing cheer, when paper handed to AKERS-DOUGLAS, hailed triumph of Anti-Home-Rulers.

Business done.—Motion of Scotch Home-Rule defeated by 168 votes against 150.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 19.—Good meeting of the House, with MASCAGNI in chair, conducting himself, and orchestra, admirably. Warm work waving the baton and beating time into fits with both hands. DE LUCIA and Madame CALVÉ take the leading parts in that idyllic but uneventful story of *L'Amico Fritz*. The Rabbi, in large hat, looks like some old-fashioned jug containing a large draught of the milk of human kindness "D u - f r i c h e l y drawn." Signor DE LUCIA as good in this as in *Pagliacci*, and Madame CALVÉ, as Suzel, charming. Mlle. JORAN, as Bépée, was the beau ideal of the fiddling boy, playing the violin with taste and finish. But fiddle scarcely required to - night; there is so much bowing and scraping interchanged between the singers and MASCAGNI on every possible opportunity.

All numbers encored, and each time the singers bow to the audience they deferentially point at MASCAGNI, who, in his turn, rises from his seat, bows still more deferentially to audience, and, with his hands and shoulders ("he all but spoke," as they say of a clever dog), intimates that really he, MASCAGNI, is after all only the composer, nothing more, and that his success as such is due to the orchestra, who, of course, bow to him, tap their violins (whence melodious sounds flow when scraped, but not when "tapped"), and in turn deprecate any reference to themselves as being instrumental in the evening's triumph. So everything went pleasantly and happily; and, whenever an act was over, and there was nothing else to be done, MASCAGNI was hauled out of his ambush at the wings, and dragged on to the stage by DE LUCIA and CALVÉ, when bouquets and baskets of flowers were presented by somebody somewhere, and Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS beamed again, for, like LESBIA, he has a beaming eye; and First-Lieutenant LATHAM smiled, as he was wont to smile, on seeing everybody, who was anybody, crowding into the "Aye, Aye" Lobby, just as he was bringing in next night's Operatic Bill for his chief's assent. Heat oppressive: audience enthusiastic.

Tuesday.—Yesterday evening most men at the Opera could have said or sung to coat and waistcoat, "How happy could I be with neither!" But to-night barometer has fallen, and house, though crammed to excess, and wonderfully enthusiastic, is cooler. Royalties are here. First appearance this season of Brothers DE RESZKE, playing together in *Roméo et Juliette*. Brother JOHN is *Roméo* to MELBA's *Juliette*, their union being blessed by Brother EDOUARD, in the character of *Frère Laurent*. Enthusiastic reception. The Brothers in excellent voice; MELBA also. MAN-

CINELLI merry, Sir DRURIOLANUS delighted. Grand Evening, and Good Night.

Wednesday.—*Il Vassello Fantasma.* "Don't quite know what it means," said a lady to whom the Opera was new; "but I rather think it's something about a phantom musical instrument, that is, if

there is such an instrument as the *vassello*, which may be Italian for violoncello." "My dear!" retorted her husband. "Don't you see, there's the translation of the name in the bill? It's 'The Flying Dutchman.' 'Vassello,' the Flying; 'Fantasma,' Dutchman." "Ah," observed a well-informed friend; "it used to be called 'L'Olandese Danzante,' or in English the 'D——d Dutchman.' It's the same story." The Opera was perfectly given with ALBANI as *Senta*, but though pre-eminent and of the gentle sex she ought not to be mentioned first, but should, as the name in the middle, sandwiched between

Dalando and *L'Olandese*, and then, of course, she would be the "Senta of attraction" as MR. WAGSTAFF observes whenever this Opera is produced. EDWARD DE RESZKE is the *Dalando*, and Mons. LASSALLE is the Dutchman. Fine performance all round.

SQUELCHED!

MILLEVOYE malign, and DÉROULÈDE the mad,
Resign their seats, and common sense is glad!
So other snakes, across another water,
Resigned their lives, "to save themselves from slaughter."
O, si sic omnes! Spite and spluttering noise,
Are worthy Vixen Girls and Angry Boys.
When rampant among men, hate's arts abusive,
Like vipers amidst flowers, are pests intrusive,
And should without delay be made to feel
The indignant "serunch" of manhood's heavy heel.

POLITICS AND MUSIC IN GERMANY.—If the German Government are to be beaten in the Reichstag, such a victory can only be achieved by a very successful "RICHTER Concert," with perfect performances in harmony and unison.

DANGEROUS.—In the summer there is no more dangerous place for harmless pedestrians than the Eton Playing Fields. Balls are flying about in all directions by day, and bats by night.

"A JOINT OFFENCE."—An example of this would be when your cook sends up a leg of mutton very much underdone.



THE SCIENCE OF THERE
AND BACK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I notice that there has recently been a correspondence in the papers about "outwitting the Post Office."

I fancy all you have to do if you want to register a letter is not to pay for it. Send it without a stamp and the G.P.O. will follow it up until someone defrays the cost of transport at the other end. This has suggested to me the best means of obtaining an interview with anyone you wish to see. Say that your name is Brown, and you live at Camberwell. Your first visit is to General Hay. You wish to see him on some subject or other. You call at his private residence, and send up your name, and add that you are from "the War Office, Pall Mall." You are admitted at once. Say you wish to see Admiral BEE. All you have to do in his case is to say boldly that you have come from the Admiralty. If you know him to be disinclined to see visitors, add that you are the First Lord. If you want to see a clergyman, give the name of his bishop; an eminent barrister, the equally eminent name of a celebrated solicitor. Desirous of meeting an author, send in the card of a publisher; and if you want to get a few minutes private chat with a doctor you might do worse than introduce yourself as the representative of a firm of eminent undertakers. But these are the ways to enter. Your exit will even be speedier.

Yours ever,
KICKED-OUT.



FESTINA LENTE.

"I'M AFRAID I SHALL LOSE MY TRAIN. DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD GO A LITTLE FASTER, CONDUCTOR?"
"No, MUM! REMEMBER YOU AIN'T ON A FIRE-ENGINE TO-DAY!"

IN THE DOLDRUMS.

(An Old Sailor's "Chanty" with a New Application.)

[*"Doldrums. A part of the ocean near the equator, abounding in calms, squalls, and light, baffling winds, which sometimes prevent all progress for weeks."*—Webster's Dictionary.]

AIR—"Good-bye, fare ye well!"

Solo. It's of a stout barkie, a vessel of fame,
A good try, pull ye well! A good try, pull ye well!
Chorus. She's a bonny stout barkie—the *Home Rule*'s her name.
Chorus. Hurrah my boys! We're bound to go!

Solo.

2. She sails to the westward, where stormy winds blow,
Bound away in the *Home Rule*, to the westward we'll go.
3. Oh when we were hauling right out of the dock,
How the curious spectators on the pier-head did flock!
4. They gave three loud cheers when with yo-ho-heave-ho!
Bound away in the *Home Rule* to the westward we'd go.
5. But now we are lying in the Doldrums far east,
And of visible progress we scarce make the least.
6. For the sky is like fire, and the ocean like oil,
And light baffling breezes mock the mariners' toil.
7. The sea-sarpint, Obstruction, gives a hitch with his tail,
And we don't shift a spar, and we can't fill a sail.
8. Our gallant Grand Old Skipper looks sheerly enough;
But this lobekully drifting is all bloomin' stuff!
9. With the winds all a-drowsie, and the hot waves a-wobble;
We shall get, if things change not, in a doose of a hobble.

10. Why the fish of the ocean, as they swim to and fro,
Wink at us with hoptics like a staring round O.
11. As though saying, "If you don't go a-head and near shore,
Home Rule will be behind, as it's oft been before!"
12. Ah! it's all mighty fine for our magnanimous Old Skipper
To take things as easy as in dressing-gownd and slipper!
13. When instead of full canvas and a fair wind brisk blowing,
We've to lower the dinghey and betake us to towing!
14. We're supposed to be steering for the wild Irish shore,
But our passengers are all sick—and our new mates all sore!
15. Here's a health to the Captain, and all his brave crew,
Here's a health to the *Home Rule* and the passengers too!
16. But if still in our Captain we're expected to believe,
He had better play that card (*if he's got one*) *up his sleeve!*

COLOURABLE TERMS.—Black and White are not "colours." It is, then, quite erroneous to speak of a Nigger as a "Coloured man." Evidently he is no more coloured than a white man—less so, indeed.

FROM OUR INCOMPLETE RECITER.—Sir, can you tell me where I can find the couplet complete to which this line and a half belongs?

"All the art I know
To keep men happy, is to make them sow."

"VERY UNGALLANT," QUOTH MRS. R.—"The other afternoon a well-known cricketer, whose name," said Mrs. R., indignantly, "ought to be made public, actually, as I am informed, *bowed a maiden over*, and never picked her up or apologised!"

Gilbert White,

Author of the Immortal "Natural History of Selborne."

DIED JUNE 26, 1793.

CENTENARIES come and go,
Times for talk, and scenes of show,—
Heroes, conquerors, poets,
sages,—
But thy book's perennial pages,
Gentle GILBERT, shall outlast
Many a Fame whose brazen blast
Tortures ears that would far rather
Close to their thrasonic blather,
And in SELBORNE's grassy hollows,
List the twitter of thy swallows!
Chronieler, afar from strife,
Of the quiet country life,
Naturalist as sage as simple,
While leaves whisper, and brooks dimple,
While bird-song and blossom-story
Still bewitch, thy gentle glory
Shall be the peculiar pleasure
Of all lovers of wise leisure.
Time's moss-growths hide not
thy name
On the tablets of true fame.

QUESTION FOR LEGAL EXAMINATION PAPER.—Would not a Lady, *femmes sole* or not, be justified in refusing to obey a "*Man-damus?*" Is a *Woman-damus* ever issued? and when?

CURE FOR SMOKE.—Baron PROFUMO, the intending Liberal Candidate for Peckham, withdrew from the contest last week. So the candidature of PROFUMO ends *In fumo*.



"IN THE DOLDRUMS."

WILL HAGGARD (*sings*). "AND NOW WE'RE ALL SAILING FOR THE WILD IRISH SHORE,

OUR PASSENGERS ALL SICK, AND OUR MESSMATES ALL SORE,"

"THE DOLDRUMS. A part of the ocean near the Equator abounding in calms, equal, and light baffling winds, which sometimes prevent all progress for weeks." — Webster's Dictionary.

WILHELM DULMUTH

ENGLAND'S LAMENT

For the loss of the Iron-clad Flag-ship "Victoria," rammed accidentally by her consort H.M.S. "Camperdown," and sunk off Tripoli, with the loss of Admiral Tryon and some 400 of her Crew, June 22, 1893.

"TOLL for the brave!" Ah! not since
COWPER sang
"The Royal George," when round the land
there rang
One universal plaint,
Has sorrow stricken thus our sea-girt isle,
With news that chills the glow of woman's
smile.
And makes the man's heart faint!

As though a sudden storm from Heaven's
clear blue [strewed]
Should shock the earth unheralded, and
The shore with hideous wreck,
So England's great and grievous loss assails
Our unforeboding souls, the brave cheek pales,
And bows the proudest neck.

AD EXAMINATOREM.

(By an Enraged Undergraduate.)

Look here, I have stood a good deal
From other tormentors and you,
But now I decidedly feel
That a vigorous protest is due;
Such feats as your latest success
Are not to be tamely endured,
And if ever we meet in the college or street
I'll hope, for your sake, you're insured!

You've ploughed me again and again
In papers of intricate kind,
A fact, to be perfectly plain,
Which did not much trouble my mind,
For, having impressed them at home
With the standard examiners ask,
I had led them to see that to gain a degree
Is an almost impossible task.

But you, and the rest of your kind,
Conferred in the Senate, and then
A vile resolution designed
That women be placed with the men!
And what is the consequence, please,
Which thus you've absurdly allowed?
My sister, alas! has obtained a first class,
While I, Sir, am utterly ploughed!

That sister whom, up to this day,
I always despised as a "crook"!
O what will my relatives say,
And how my acquaintance will mock!
Meanwhile, Sir, I send you a hint
That I owe you a certain amount,
And I eagerly wait for a suitable date
To settle our little account!

PLEADERS AT PLAY.

SCENE—Hall of one of the Inns of Court, during the progress of a Barristers' Strike, organised after the recent Spanish model. "Strike Committee," consisting of Benchers, Queen's Counsel, and representatives of Junior Bar, in consultation.

Mr. Festail, Q.C. How much does our Strike Fund amount to at present?

Mr. Bluebag (Organising Secretary). Only £500, I fear. The public are not subscribing at all readily, in spite of the fact that collecting-boxes are placed outside the Bankruptcy Court, the Central Criminal Court, and other likely spots, and that the wives of several struggling young Barristers are stationed at various street-corners in the more fashionable suburbs soliciting help.

Mr. Festail, Q.C. (gloomily). Then we shall only be able to pay seven and six-pence on Saturday night to the strikers. Is there any confirmation of the report that the

Lost, lost! Four hundred glad and gallant
lives,
At one chance stroke! Vainly the spirit
strives
To stand against the shock.
Not summoned swift to fall in battle brave,
Not, storm-confounded, whelmed beneath
the wave,
Or dashed upon the rock.

But dragged, from Admiral to Gunner, down
To death in peaceful waters, doomed to
drown
Unwarned and unaware.
Oh, gallant TRYON! oh, great-hearted host!
England's lament for English souls so lost
Saddens the summer air!

TRYON, like KEMPFENFELDT, sank near the
shore,
And that brave crew the fated vessel bore,
Stricken by friends, went down.
They led no charge, they rushed upon no
foe;
But England mourns the loss, and she will
know
How to award the crown.

Toll for the brave! And let a reverent sigh
Of silent, but most heart-felt sympathy
Rise from each British breast
For those whose kindred and whose comrades
true
Beneath the inland ocean's waters blue
Sleep honoured and at rest!

how is the system of litigants conducting their own cases succeeding?

Mr. Bluebag. I am pleased to say, as badly as might have been expected. A case that ought to last three days now takes thirty. Plaintiff and Defendant occupy the benches set apart for Queen's Counsel (*loud cries of "Shame!"*), and are separated by a strong iron partition, which has recently been erected. The accumulation of arrears is frightful. Several Judges who are known to be privately favourable to us don't begin hearing cases till twelve, and rise punctually at three.

[*Sympathetic cheering.*] Mr. Festail, Q.C. (rising). That's all right. Nothing else to settle, is there? Oh, I may as well mention that Mr. Alderman TILLETT will address the strikers at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, in the Inner Temple Gardens, on "How to treat legal Blacklegs," and it has been unanimously decided to elect him and Messrs. JOHN BURNS, TOM MANN, and KEIR-HARDIE, as Benchers of the Honourable Society on condition that they will get a weekly levy in aid of our Strike Fund, from their trades.

[*Cheers, and the Committee disperses.*

IN THE "RESTORED ANTIQUITIES"
DEPARTMENT OF THE IMPERIAL
INSTITUTE. A.D. 2500.

LORD CHANCELLOR is importing American Counsel as blacklegs?

Mr. Bluebag. It's quite true. A waggonette containing twenty of them has within the last hour been driven up to the entrance of the Law Courts. (*Groans.*) I am glad, however, to say that the very strong picket stationed there, consisting of University athletes taken from the ranks of the newly-called, have proved quite equal to dealing with them. (*Cheers, and cries of "Down with Free Labour!"*) Yes, those of them that are not removed to the hospitals are on their way back to America by first steamer.

[*Laughter and cheers.*] Mr. Festail, Q.C. (with more cheerfulness). Well, that's satisfactory, anyhow. I should have thought that the total failure of the LORD CHANCELLOR's attempt to bring a boat-load of Indian "vakeels" to plead in our Courts would have been a lesson to him. And

ALL IN (FRENCH) PLAY.

SCENE—Drury Lane Theatre. French play just over. Audience enthusiastic.

First Enth. Are they not wonderful?
Second Enth. I should think so! Splendid!
So different to our people!

First Enth. And they are very proud of their native authors, you know—they consider MOLIÈRE and RACINE the peers of SHAKESPEARE.

Second Enth. Ah, I daresay. By the way, do you know what MOLIÈRE and RACINE and all that lot wrote?

First Enth. Oh, heap of things. I forget exactly what. Let me see, wasn't *Taming the Shrew* theirs?

Second Enth. Yes—(*hesitatingly*)—at least I think so, and (*vaguely*) SHAKESPEARE did a version of it afterwards.

First Enth. Ah, very likely. They were awfully good to-night.

Second Enth. Oh, capital. But I lost my programme, and it's always difficult to follow French just at first. Can you lend me your playbill?

First Enth. Very sorry, lost mine too. What was it all about?

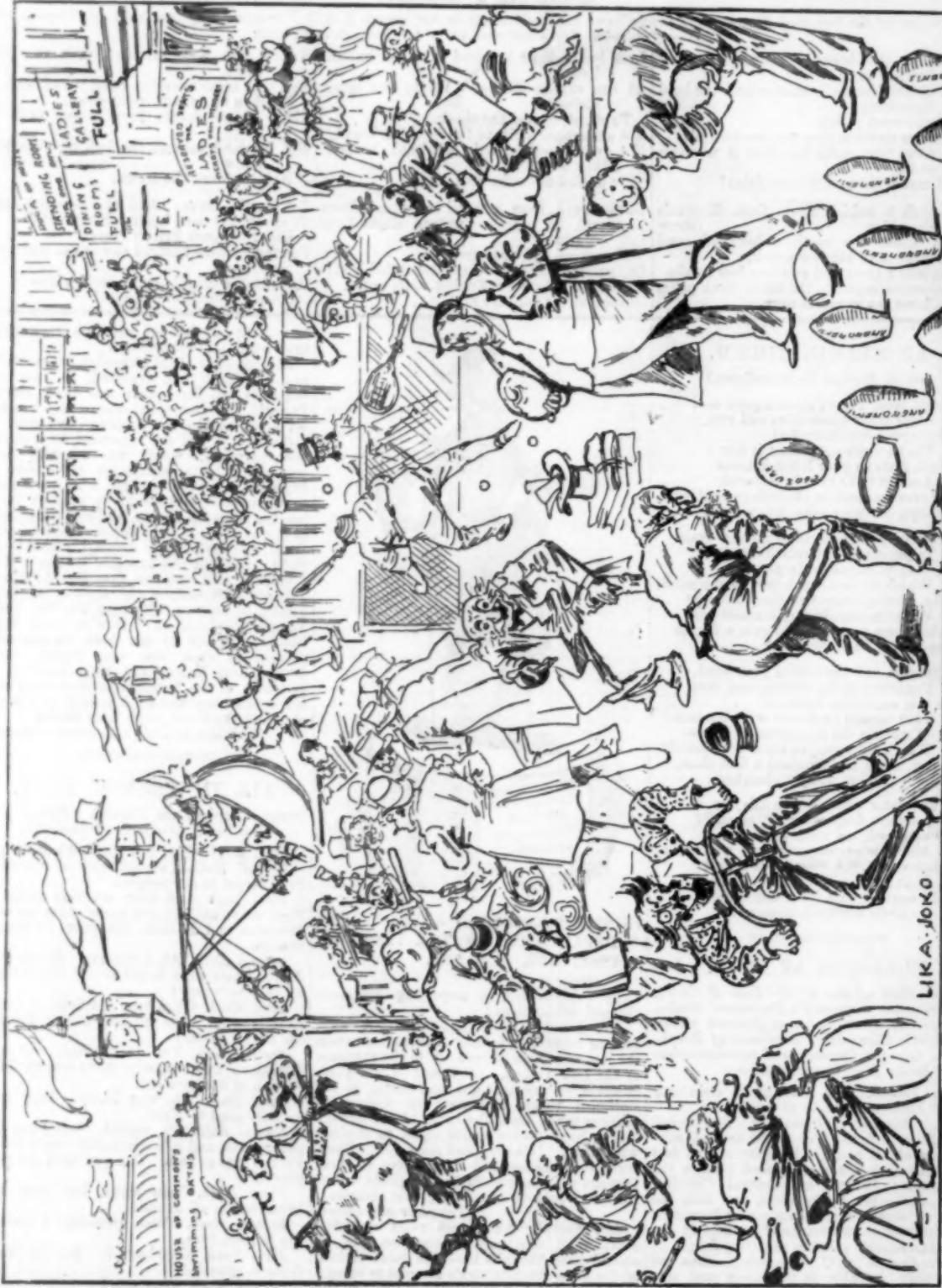
Second Enth. Well (*frankly*) I haven't the faintest idea.

First Enth. More have I. But the whole thing is splendid!

Second Enth. First rate!

Exeunt severally.

[JULY 1, 1893.]



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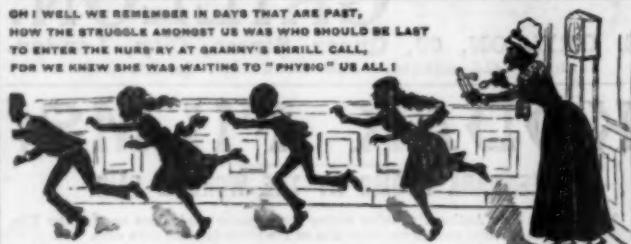
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